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LA FAYETTE.

No hireling bard, who sycophantic sings
His pensioned follies to the ear of Kings;
No venal muse, whose prostituted lays
Have damned the lyre in corruption's praise,
With heaving bosom o'er thy sacred bier,
Now drops the tribute of a Nation's tear.

Born for the world, belonging to no clime.
Achieving deeds to reach the end of time;
Nations, not men, thy obsequies attend,
And around the scene in holy silence bend;
In simple grandeur, while dissolv'd in tears,
Chief mourner here, Columbia's self appears;
Her graceful form array'd in weeds of woe,
But feeling that within "that passeth show."
The solemn knell should hush the din of war,
And hold the earth in reverential awe,
While Freedom's congregated banners wave
A mournful requiem o'er the fallen brave.

This in the lap of wealth and splendor born,
With all the gifts that human kind adorn,
Thou smiling pleasure, in seducing guise,
Unveil'd her beauties to thy youthful eyes,
Exhausting all her catalogue of wiles,
To lure so fair a victim to her toils;
By heaven design'd in nobler scenes to share,
Thy manly spirit spurn'd the silken snare:
For, hark! what sound of low and distant wail
O'er ocean's foam comes tidings on the gale?
It is the daughter pleading to assuage
The maniac fury of maternal rage:—
'Tis infant Freedom struggling in the pangs
Of mortal conflict with Oppression's fangs:—
'Tis fainting Liberty's convulsive strain,
To burst the thralldom of a tyrant's chain.
O ye, whose breasts one spark of feeling hold,
Can ye, unmov'd the spectacle behold?
Deep in that fane where Freedom's spirit dwelt,
Thy generous soul, the strong appeal was felt.
Like to the sun that sheds the gilded shroud,
Wore 'round his glories by the morning cloud,
Beaming effulgent in his native rays,
As on he brightens to meridian blaze,
With noble scorn thou doff'd the robes of birth,
(The meed as oft of villainous as of worth,)
Crown'd with the halo virtue's hand bestowed,
Thy soul in all its moral grandeur glow'd,
Friends, country, kindred, all are left behind,
As, launching on the pinions of the wind,
And girt for conquest in the bloody fray,
The star of Freedom lit thee on thy way.

La Fayette and Washington, from distant lands,
With Freedom's instinct grasp congenial hands,
And Liberty's reviving bosom beat
With kindling rapture as her champions meet.
Freedom's Duemvirate! can tyrants stand
Before the whirlwind of their Spartan band?
Forward they dash'd, the heroes side by side,
Upon the stream of Fortune's varying tide,

With souls unshaken 'mid the scene of blood,
Braving the fiercest surge of Battle's flood.
No tollsme day or night of sleepless gloom,
Famine, nor cold, nor dread of foreign tomb,
To Safety's bowers could urge thee to depart,
Or shake the purpose of thy constant heart,
'Till Victory's shout arrest the bloody work
Upon thy tented plains, immortal York!
Where Freedom's Bird in triumph flutter'd o'er
The crouching Lion, as he ceased his roar.

Earth holds no recompense for deeds like thine:—
The hand rewarding needs must be divine;
To thee, Columbia bankrupt stands confest,
And prays the King of Kings to do the rest.

And now, thy cherish'd orphans, where are they?
Here in the world—at home—be where they may—
Children of Freedom! denizens of Earth,
We recognise no spot that gave them birth:—
And thus Columbia plays a mother's part,
And strains thine orphans to her grateful heart.

The Nuptials of Count Rizzari.

A SICILIAN FACT.

Men
Play such high fantastical tricks before high heaven,
As make e'en angels weep.

At La Bruca, a romantic village situated between the cities of Syracuse and Catania, stands the baronial residence of the duke of La Bruca, a magnificent old edifice, which about 50 years since was the scene of the tragic event I am about to relate. The duke, its proprietor at the time, had an only daughter, about 18 years of age, possessed of unusual beauty and accomplishments, these, and the large property to which she was heiress, made her hand eagerly sought after by almost all the young men of family whose birth and fortune could entitle them to the honour of so high an alliance. From among these her father would gladly have permitted her to select a suitable companion. But her affections were unalienably engaged by the second son of Count Rizzari, of Catania, an intimate friend of the duke. The favoured lover was about the same age as the young lady, and had ever, since her recollection, been the companion of her childhood. A cadet, with but little fortune, was a match to which, if there had been no obstacle, the pride of the duke would never have consented; there was moreover, the further impediment, that the young man was intended for the church, and consequently destined to celibacy. The cause of the lady's aversion to her other suitors was

soon evident to both families, who were equally anxious to put a period to inclinations likely, if unchecked, to terminate in the misery of both parties. The count resolved to remove his son from a spot where, enchanted by early associations, and excited by the continual presence of the beloved object, there seemed but little probability of his overcoming his misplaced passion.

Young Rizzari was accordingly sent to Rome, in order at once to finish his studies, and obtain the advantage of an introduction to individuals of rank and influence in the church. An ecclesiastical life was not Rizzari's natural vocation, and he resolved internally not to embrace it, trusting to chance and time for the birth of some event favourable to his hopes and passion. Indeed, it is soon proved so, beyond what his most sanguine expectations had led him to anticipate. His eldest brother, who had married subsequently to his departure, died unexpectedly, without issue, a few months afterwards. Though really attached to his brother, the vast change in his circumstances and prospects prevented his feeling the loss so acutely as would otherwise have been natural. On receiving a summons to attend his afflicted parents, he lost not a moment, as may be imagined, in returning to Sicily. The heirs of families of distinction are never permitted to enter either the military or ecclesiastical professions, and in the event of a younger brother's succeeding to the prospect of the paternal inheritance, the vows if taken, are usually dispensed with by the court of Rome. The young count thus saw in an instant both impediments to his marriage unexpectedly removed. His father, at his solicitation, soon proposed to his friend, the duke, the union of the two families, in the persons of their respective heirs; an offer which was accepted with pleasure by the duke, and with dignity by his daughter.

An early day was appointed for the nuptial ceremony, which the duke determined should be celebrated at his feudal residence at La Bruca. Invitations were issued to all the nobility of the neighbourhood for many miles round. Of such extent were the preparations that a fête so magnificent as that intended had not been heard of for many years. The whole country was in motion. Congratulations poured in from every quarter, and all seemed interested in the happiness of the young couple. But there was one person, the cavalier — (at the request of the friend who assured me with the anecdote, I suppress his name, that of a noble at present existing in splendour in Catania) who did not participate in the joy and satis-

faction manifested by others. This individual, who was remarkable for his wealth his accomplishments, and his handsome person, though still in the flower of life, was of an age which doubled that of the intended bride of the young count. One of her most passionate admirers, he had, during the residence of Rizzari at Rome, made proposals to her father. His family and wealth sufficiently recommended him to the duke, but having prevented his daughter from choosing the object of her affections, he resolved at least not to force on her a match disagreeable to herself; and therefore while he testified his own readiness to accept the offer, referred the cavalier to his daughter for a final answer. She at once gave him a negative so decided, as to have extinguished hope in any bosom by a passion less consuming and uncontrollable than that of the cavalier.

Undeterred by refusal, he continued to press his suite with an importunity, and even violence, which, instead of removing difficulties soon heightened indifference into aversion; yet, calculating on the apparent impossibility of her being united to the object of her early flame, he relied on time and absence for obliterating from her heart the impression made upon it by young Rizzari, and assiduously persevered in his unwelcome attentions. Great then was his rage and disappointment at the death of the elder Rizzari? and the arrival, proposal, and acceptance of the younger as the husband of the lady, whom self-love had persuaded him was sooner or later destined to be his own. Tortured at once by all the pangs of unrequited passion, and by a devouring jealousy, proud and vindictive by nature even beyond the wont of Sicilians of rank, the favoured lover became the object of a hatred too deadly to be depicted by language, and the cavalier was heard to threaten a vengeance as terrible as were the bad passions which raged with such irresistible sway in his own guilty breast.

Soon after the acceptance of Rizzari, the cavalier disappeared from Catania; some said he had retired to one of his villas in the neighbourhood, others that he had gone abroad; in fact, no one knew whither he had betaken himself. The happiness of the lovers left them little time to think of the cavalier, and their fancied security did not permit them for a moment to fear, or even dream of the effects of his disappointment or resentment.

The happy day at length came, the marriage was celebrated in the village chapel, which was thronged to excess by rich and poor, noble and peasant. At the moment

when the enraptured bridegroom placed the emblematic circle on the slender finger of his lovely bride, a contemptuous and discordant laugh, so loud, so long, and so strange in its expression, that it resembled rather that of a fiend than that of a human being, was heard far above the hum and murmur of the assemblage in the chapel. Such extraordinary rudeness instantly drew the attention of all present; but to their astonishment, although the ominous peal still continued, it was impossible to ascertain the individual from whom it proceeded. When it at length ceased, the ceremony continued, and the affront, if it was meant for one, was soon forgotten in the succession of circumstances of a more agreeable nature.

Every room in the superb old mansion, the bridal chamber excepted, was thrown open to the assembled hundreds; neither expense or labour had been spared, that could in any way add to the luxury and magnificence of the occasion. The table groaned beneath the innumerable delicacies placed before the noble company, who were entertained in the vast hall of the chateau; and ample supplies gladdened the peasants and dependants of both houses, who were seated on the lawns and gardens before the palace. The banqueting at length ceased. The villa and the grounds were alike splendidly illuminated, and soon after nightfall dancing commenced both within and without the building.

The bride, whose present felicity was so greatly in contrast with her late expectations, was observed to be in remarkable high spirits, making no affectation of concealing the happiness which pervaded her. After the ball had continued for some time, and all breathed satisfaction and pleasure, two persons, masked and dressed in the costume of peasants of the country, entered the principal saloon, and instantly began dancing, throwing themselves, with garlands which they held in their hands, into a variety of attitudes; it was observed that they both acquitted themselves surprisingly well, but one, from the contour of figure and lightness of movement, was suspected, though both were dressed in male attire, to be a woman.

It is requisite to remark that the ball was not in mask, and that it is customary in Italy and Spain for masks, when they join a company, to make themselves known to the master of the house, as a security against the introduction of improper or unwelcome persons. This etiquette was not observed on the present occasion, but the masks entering with gesture expressive of a request for admission

they were received without difficulty, it being probably looked upon as some device for adding to the amusement of the party. Their performance exciting the admiration of the company, the grace and ease of their movements became the subject of conversation. It then appearing that they were unknown, some of the guests, curious to discover them, hinted that it was time they should unmask, in order to take some refreshment; this they with signs, for they spoke not, at first declined, but being pressed, signified in the same manner that they would only discover themselves to the master of the house. The bridegroom was accordingly called from the side of his bride for this purpose, good humoredly joining his friends in soliciting the strangers to make themselves known, they gave him to understand, always in pantomime, that since such was his desire they were willing to gratify him, and that if he would retire with them for a moment, they would unmask, but to him alone, as they wished to preserve their incognito from the rest of the company.

The count and the mask withdrew together. In the meantime, the music, the dancing, and all the pleasures of the joyous scene went on. The absence of the bridegroom was scarcely noticed by any one except the bride, who, with eyes wandering in search of him, more than once testified her surprise at his stay. In about twenty minutes there came two persons, as was evident from their figure lately masked as peasants, re-entered the ball room, but their dress was changed, they were now in complete mourning. Between them, one supporting the head, the other the feet, they carried a third so carefully and entirely enveloped in a large black vest, that neither his form nor features were distinguishable.—As they moved slowly on with measured pace, they pretend by signs to express their grief for the death of the person they carried. An appearance so ominous on a nuptial night, excited sensations of an unpleasant nature; but no one thought proper to interfere in a pantomime which strange and ill-chosen as it was, they conceived permitted by the master of the house. The masks having reached the middle of the room, deposited their burden there and began to dance round it in a variety of grotesque attitudes, caricaturing sorrow. At this all-boding and unaccountable scene, the high spirits of the bride instantaneously forsook her, and were succeeded by an almost preternatural sensation of dejection and horror. Looking anxiously round, she again, in a faltering voice, inquired for her husband.—

The sister of Rizzari, one of the bridesmaids, struck by her sudden paleness and ill-suppressed agitation, asked if she was indisposed.—She replied that she felt oppressed by a sense of anxiety and alarm, of which she could not conceive the origin. Her sister-in-law told her that it was nothing but the evaporation of her late unusual high spirits, which, as is often the case, were succeeded by a causeless depression. Just then, the masks having finished their feigned funeral dance, advanced to the bride, and, one of them, the male drawing her by the sleeve, spoke for the first time loud enough to be heard by those around, "*Venite a pungere le nostre e le vostre miserie*"—"Come and weep for your own misery and ours."

A chill went through the heart of the bride at these ill-omened words. She drew shudderingly back, and fell almost insensible in the arms of her sister-in-law. A murmur ran round—it was manifest that the cause of the bride's alarm was owing to the extraordinary proceeding of the persons in mask, who, perceiving the impression they had excited, hastily withdrew. In an instant they had disappeared, but whither they went, or what became of them afterwards, was known to no one.

In the meantime the bystanders remarked in surprise how well the person lying on the floor performed the part of a dead man, not a limb stirred, not a muscle moved, nor was he perceived to breathe. Curiosity prompted them to touch him, and lift his arms, they fell heavy and motionless by his side, his hands too were cold to the touch—cold as that of a corpse. Surprise led them farther—they uncovered his face—O God! it was that of a corpse—and that corpse was the bridegroom!

Who shall paint the dreadful scene that ensued? Exclamations of surprise, shrieks of horror, cries for the masks—here females swooning in terror—there men running to and fro with drawn swords—this inquiring the cause of the sudden disturbance—that denouncing vengeance on the murderers!—all was distraction and confusion! Her terrified friends instantly hurried away the trembling bride, anticipating some horrid event, as yet unconscious of the whole extent of her misfortune. As they bore her off, the name of her husband, dead, murdered, strangled, fell on her ears—insensibility for a few moments relieved her from the exquisite agony of her situation. They carried her to the bridal chamber—in that chamber had the accursed deed been perpetrated; the disordered furniture showed signs of a struggle—the instru-

ments of death lay on the floor, and on the nuptial couch the infernal assassins had cast a branch of funeral cypress, the token of their premeditated and accomplished vengeance.

The duke, in whose bosom rage and anguish predominated by turns, stationed himself with a party of friends with drawn swords at the doors of the palace, while a strict but ineffectual search was carried on within. In a few minutes the party, late so joyous, broke up in consternation; hundreds instantly went off by different roads in search of the murderers, but all pursuit was unavailing. The police subsequently lent its aid: every angle of the country, for leagues round, was explored in vain. The perpetrators of the atrocious crime had escaped, nor indeed were they ever satisfactorily discovered.

Suspicion fell on the cavalier; but though the most rigid search was made, he was not to be found. Some time after it was discovered that he had left Sicily, to which he never returned, and was residing at Vienna.

It was rumored, but the truth was never clearly ascertained; that he subsequently confessed himself the author and actor of this horrid tragedy, and gloried in the daring and fiend-like stratagem by which he had so signally accomplished it.

The widowed bride never recovered the shock. Her life was for a short time despaired of. As soon as her strength enabled her, she retired into her convent, where death, the best friend of the wretched, ere long put an end to her earthly sufferings.

ANECDOTE OF A MILLER.—A certain miller had two sons, Jack and Bill. Whenever a grist was under way, the miller would walk up stairs, put his hand into the hopper, examine the grain, and exclaim at the top of his voice, "I say, Bill, you toll'd this grist?" "Yes, father," returned Bill, (who was at work in the loft above.) The miller, pretending not to hear him, would again roar out, "I say Jack, you toll'd this grist?"—"Yes, Sir," answered Jack, (who was engaged down stairs.) "The lazy dogs," said the miller to himself (pretending not to hear his sons answer,) "if I were not here to toll the grain of my customers, my careless boys would ruin me!"

A gentleman meeting a very homely man thus addressed him—"My dear friend, you ought to take saffron constantly." "For what," inquired the latter. "To keep the ugliness out, for if it even strikes in, it will certainly kill you."

From the Episcopal Watchman.

Life—A Dream.

That distinguished and successful soldier, Count
Bass on his death-bed, speaking of his life, observed—
"It has been a pleasant dream."

The warrior from his couch of death
Looked back on his proud career;
Again loud honor's noisy breath
Brought shouts to his listening ears;
Again he trod the gorgeous hall,
Where the regal pageant stream,
But with a sigh he turned from all,
And said—" 'tis a splendid dream."

Youth pressing onward to the prize,
On fancied fields of fame,
And manhood's mated energies,
O'er his dying spirits came;
Young feeling's gush—and triumph's flush,
Ambition, love and power,
All in their first keen freshness rush
On the glance of that last hour.

All that his youthful fancy dreamed
Of palace, camp, and bower,
When his gay and wild wing'd visions tremed,
In childhood's happiest hour,
All, all of honor, pomp and sway,
He had held within his grasp,
But now in death they fade away,
Like a shadow in his clasp.

Success had waited on his way,
Splendor, and victory and fame,
And he had won the warriors bay,
And the hero's deathless name;
And power's high gift, and war's red wreath,
And glory's glittering beam,
Were to the glazed eye of death,
But a vague and splendid dream.

'Tis all a dream—life's beautiful day,
Though we wist not it is such
Till its illusions melt away,
At death's Ithuriel touch—
'Tis all a dream—yet for thy cares,
By heedless folly driven,
Man rushes on, and madly dares,
To risk his hopes of Heaven.

—From the Western Monthly Magazine.

FRANKNESS.—By a Lady.

There is one kind of frankness which is the result of perfect unsuspiciousness, and which requires a measure of ignorance of the world and of life; this kind appeals to our generosity and tenderness. There is another, which is the frankness of a strong but pure mind, acquainted with life, clear in its discrimination and upright in its intention, yet above disguise and concealment: this kind excites respect and awe. The first seems to proceed simply from impulse; the second from impulse and reflection united. The first proceeds in a measure, from ignorance; the second from knowledge. The first is born from an undoubting confidence in *others*; the second, from a virtuous and well grounded reliance on *one's self*.

Now, if you suppose that this is the beginning of a sermon, or of a fourth of July oration you are very much mistaken; though I must confess, it hath rather an uncertain sound. I merely prefaced it to a little sketch of character which you may look at, if you please, tho' I am not sure you will like it.

It was said of Alice H——, that she had the mind of a man, the heart of a woman, and the face of an angel; a combination that all my readers will think peculiarly happy.

There never was a woman, who was so unlike the mass of society in her modes of thinking and acting, yet generally popular. But the most remarkable thing about her, was her proud superiority to all disguise in thought, word or deed. She pleased you; for she spoke out a hundred things that you would conceal, and spoke them with a dignified assurance, (that made you wonder that you had ever hesitated to say them yourself. Nor did this unreserve appear like the weakness of one who could not conceal, or a determination to make war on the forms of society. It was rather a calm, well guided integrity, regulated by a just sense of propriety; knowing when to be silent but speaking the *truth* when it spoke at all.

Her extraordinary frankness often beguiled superficial observers into supposing themselves fully acquainted with her real character, long before they were; as the beautiful transparency of some lakes is said to deceive the eye as to their depth; yet the longer you knew her, the more variety and compass of character appeared through the same transparent medium. But you may just visit Miss Alice for half an hour, to-night and judge for yourselves. You may walk into this little parlour—There sits Miss Alice on that sofa, sewing a pair of lace sleeves into a satin dress—in which peculiarly angelic employment, she may persevere until we have finished another sketch.

Do you see that pretty little lady, with sparkling eyes, elastic form, and beautiful hand and foot, that is sitting opposite to her? She is a belle: the character is written in her face—it sparkles from her eye—it dimples in her smile, and pervades the whole woman.

But there—Alice has risen, and has gone to the mirror, and is arranging the finest auburn hair in the world, in the most tasteful manner. The little lady watches every motion, as comically as a kitten watches a pin ball.

"It is all in vain to deny it, Alice—you are really anxious to look pretty this evening," said she.

"I certainly am," said Alice, quietly.

"Ay, and you hope you shall please Mr. A. and Mr. B." said the little accusing angel.

"Certainly, I do," said Alice, as she twisted her fingers in a beautiful curl.

"Well, I would not tell it Alice, if I did."

"Then you should not ask me," said Alice.

"I declare! Alice!"—

"And what do you declare?"

"I never saw such a girl as you are!"

"Very likely," said Alice, stooping to pick up a pin.

"Well, for my part," said the little lady, "I never would take any pains to make any body like me—*particularly* a gentleman."

"I would," said Alice, "if they would not like me without."

"Why Alice!—I should not think you were so fond of admiration."

"I like to be admired very much," said Alice, returning to the sofa, "and I suppose every body else does."

"I don't care about admiration," said the little lady. "I would be as well satisfied that the people should not like me, as that they should."

"Then, cousin, I think it's a pity we all like you so well," said Alice, with a good-humored smile. If Miss Alice had *penetration*, she never made a severe use of it.

"But really, cousin," said the little lady, "I should not think such a girl as you would think any thing about dress or admiration, and all that."

"I don't know what sort of a girl you think I am," said Alice; "but for my own part, I only pretend to be a *common human being*, and am not ashamed of common *human feelings*. If God has made us so that we love admiration, why should we not honestly say so. I love it, you love it, every body loves it; and why should not every body say it?"

"Why, yes," said the little lady, "I suppose every body has a—has a—*general* love of admiration. I am willing to acknowledge that I have; but"—

"But you have no love for it in *particular*," said Alice, "I suppose you mean to say; that is just the way the matter was disposed of. Every body is willing to acknowledge a *general wish* for the good opinion of others; but half the world are ashamed to own it; when it comes to a *particular case*. Now I have made up my mind, that if it is correct in general, it's correct in particular, and I mean to own it both ways."

"But somehow, it seems mean!" said the little lady.

"It *it* mean to *live* for it, to be selfishly en-

grossed in it; but not mean to enjoy it when it comes, or even to *seek* it; if we neglect no higher interest in doing so. All that God made us to feel, is dignified and pure, unless we pervert it."

"But Alice, I never heard any person speak out so frankly as you do."

"Almost all that is innocent and natural, may be spoken out; and as for that which is *not* innocent and natural, it ought not even to be *thought*."

"But can every thing be spoken that may be thought?" said the lady.

"No, we have an instinct which teaches us to be *silent* sometimes: but if we speak at all, let it be in simplicity and sincerity."

"Now, for instance, Alice," said the lady, "it is very innocent and natural, as you say, to think this, that, and the other thing of *yourself*, especially when every body is telling you of it; would you speak the truth, if any one asked you on this point?"

"If it were a person who had a *right* to ask, and if it were a proper time and place, I would," said Alice.

"Well, then," said the bright lady, "I ask you, Alice, in this very proper time and place, do you think that you are handsome?"

"Now I suppose you expect me to make a courtesy to every chair in the room before I answer," said Alice; "but dispensing with that ceremony, I will tell you *fairly*—I think I am."

"Do you think that you are *good*?"

"Not entirely," said Alice.

"Well, but don't you think that you are better than most people?"

"As far as I can tell, I think that I am better than *some* people; but really, cousin, I don't trust my own judgment in this matter," said Alice.

Well, Alice, one more question. Do you think that James Martyn likes you or me best?"

"I do not know," said Alice.

"I did not ask you what you *knew* but what you *thought*," said the lady; "you must have some thought about it."

Well then, I think he likes me best," said Alice.

Just then the door opened, and in walked the identical James Martyn. Alice blushed—looked a little comical, and went on with her sewing while the little lady began.

Really, Mr. James, I wish you had come a minute sooner, to hear Alice's confessions."

"What has she confessed?" said James.

"Why that she is handsomer and better than most folks."

"That's nothing to be ashamed of," said James.

"Oh, that's not all—she wants to look pretty, and loves to be admired, and all"—

"It sounds very much like her," said James, looking at Alice.

"Oh, but beside that," said the lady, "she has been preaching a discourse in justification of vanity and self-love"—

"And the next time you shall take notes when I preach," said Alice; "for I don't think your memory is remarkably happy."

"You see, James," said the lady, "that Alice makes it a point to say *exactly the truth*, when she speaks at all, and I've been puzzling her with questions. I really wish you would ask her some, and see what she will say.—But, mercy! there is uncle C. come to take me to ride. I must run." And off flew the humming bird, leaving James and Alice *tele-a-tele*.

"There really is one question," said James clearing his voice.

Alice looked up.

"There is one question, Alice, which I wish you would answer."

Alice did not enquire what the question was, but began to look very solemn; and just then I went out of the room, and shut the door—and so I never knew what it was that Alice's friend James wanted to be enlightened about.

American Marvels.

She be a pretty craft, that little thing of yours, observed old Tom; how long may she take to make the run?

How long? I expect in just no time; and she'd go just as fast again, only she wont wait for the breeze to come up with her.

Why don't you heave too for it? said young Tom.

Loss too much time, I guess. I have been chased by an easterly wind all the way from your Land's End to our Narrows, and never could overhaul me.

And I presume the porpusses give it up in despair, don't they? replied old Tom, with a leer; and yet I have seen the creatures playing before the bows of an English frigate at her speed, and laughing at her.

They never played their tricks with me, old snapper; if they do, I cuts them in halves, and a-stern they go, head part floating on one side, and tail part on the other.

But don't they join together again when they meet in your wake? inquired Tom.

Shouldn't wonder, replied the American captain.

Pray captain, what may be that vessel they talk so much about at New York? Old Tom referred to the first steam vessel, whose qualities at that time had been tried, and an exaggerated report of which had been copied from the American papers.

That ship, or whatever she may be, that sails without masts, yards or canvass, is quite above my comprehension. Old country heads can't take it in. I'll tell you what, she goes slick through the water, a-head or a-stern, broadside on, or up or down, or any way; and all you have to do is to poke the fire and warm your fingers; and the more you poke the faster she goes 'gainst wind and tide.

Well, I must see that to believe it though, replied Old Tom.

No fear of a capsize, I calculate. My little craft did upset with me one night, in a pretty considerable "gale;" but she's smart, and came up on the other side in a moment, all right as before. Never should have known any thing about it, if the man at the wheel had not discovered his jacket wet, and the men below had a round turn in all the clues of their hammocks.

After that round turn, you may belay, cried Tom, laughing.

Yes, but don't let's have a stopper over all, Tom replied his father. I consider this excessively divarting. Pray captain, does every thing else go fast in the New country?

Every thing with us clean slick, I guess.

What sort of horses have you in America? Inquired I.

Our Kentucky horses, I've notion would surprise. They're almighty goers at a trot, beat a N. W. gale of wind. I once took an Englishman with me in a gig up Alabama country, and he says, What's this great church yard we are passing through? And stranger says I, I calculate it's nothing but the milestones we are passing so slick. But I once had a horse who I expect was a deal quicker than that.—I once seen a flash of lightning chase him for half an hour round the clearance, and I guess it could'n't catch him.—*Metropolitan Mag.*

AN EFFECTIVE LAUGHER.—The editor of the Bristol Gazette tells us of an acquaintance of his, who when he laughs, "shakes the room so that even the spiders peep out of the cracks to see what is going on."

A Thunder Storm.

By R. Montgomery.

Ye giant winds! that from your gloomy sleep,
Rise in your wrath, and revel on the deep;
Lightnings that are the mystic gleams of God,
That glanced when on the sacred mount life trod:
And you, ye thunders that begirt His form,
Pealing your loud hosannas o'er the storm;
Around me rally in your midnight, might
And strike my being with a dread delight;
Sublimely musing, let me pause and see.
And pour my awe-struck soul, O God, to thee!

A Thunder Storm!—the eloquence of Heaven,
When every cloud is from its slumber driven—
Who hath not paused, beneath its hollow groan,
And felt Omnipotence around him thrown?
With what a gloom the ushering scene appears—
The leaves all fluttering with instinctive tears,
The waters curling with a fellow-dread,
A breezeless fervor round creation spread,
And last, the heavy rain's reluctant shower,
With big drops pattering on the tree and tower,
While wizard shapes the lowering sky deform—
All mark the coming of the thunder storm!

Oh, now to be alone on some dark height,
Where Heaven's black curtains shadow all the sight,
To watch the swollen clouds with bosom clash,
While fleet and far the livid lightnings flash—
To mark the caverns of the sky disclose
The furnace flames that in their wombs repose,
And see the fiery arrows fall and rise
In dizzy chase along the rattling skies,
How stirs the spirit when the echoes roll,
And God in thunder moves from pole to pole!

Alfred and Ethelwitha.

The character of the great and favourite King Alfred, M. D'Arnauld, the Richardson of France, contemplates with a degree of enthusiasm, which bespeaks the goodness of his own heart. The following anecdote mentioned by some of the more ancient English historians, he has given, in a manner peculiar to himself; but which, while it diffuses a richer charm over the whole composition, renders it almost untranslatable:—

"In Alfred, the most renowned of the Saxon dynasty in England, with what delight do we contemplate the benevolent and equitable man! He was the worthiest monarch that ever swayed a sceptre, and nothing was wanted to his glory, but to be born in a more enlightened age, and to have an historian of genius. He was at once the conqueror, the legislator, and the great man.—He scattered in England, the first seeds of talent, virtue, love of order, and patriotism.

This prince so effectually established the government by justice and salutary laws that if in the night time a vessel of gold had been left on the highway, the proprietor would have found it again the next day. Hume, in a few words, gave this rare panegyric of him,

that he seems indeed to be the model of that perfect character which under the denomination of sage or wise man, philosophers have been fond of delineating rather as a fiction of their imagination, than in the hope of ever seeing it really existing.

A single act of justice, however, which we now proceed to relate, has secured him immortal fame;—better far than all his feats of arms, which, ages ago, have been forgotten.

The reign of Alfred was in that period (the ninth century) when sovereigns were the only first men in their courts. The great lords that surrounded them enjoying those privileges which were derived from the feudal system. A private nobleman was admitted into the company of his master, and lived with him in the most intimate familiarity. He would even invite him to his country retreat, which he called a castle, and entertain him with all the hospitality of the times.

Alfred was making a tour through his dominions, accompanied by Ethelbert, one of his general officers, when, the day declining, he determined to take up his abode for the night at the castle of a nobleman, named Albanac;—one of those incorruptible men, who can preserve their integrity in the midst of all the seductions of opulence and grandeur. He had followed Alfred in numberless battles, and had retired covered with wounds and with glory, into the bosom of a family that adored him. This family was composed of a wife who was never mentioned but as an example of virtue; of two sons, who promised never to disgrace their father's name; and three daughters of exquisite beauty and uncommon merit.

Earl Albanac received his royal master with every demonstration of joy. He ran to his consort and children, and hastened to present them to his sovereign. Alfred was instantly smitten with her charms, but it was to Ethelwitha that he surrendered his heart. Beautiful as they were she eclipsed her sisters, as the radiant ruler of the day eclipses every other star. She appeared like the young flower that blows in the earliest rays of the morning sun; and modesty painted her cheeks with a rosy hue, that was heightened in proportion as the King seemed to notice her.

The supper was prepared, and Alfred was desirous that the enchantress should participate, who never ceased to contemplate their charms. Albanac, still flattered with the remembrance of his military exploits, was impatient to remind his sovereign of the glorious victories by which the Danes were driven out

of England; but the king's attention incessantly returned to Ethelwitha. He was continually extolling her delicate and easy shape, her rosy mouth, her fair tresses flowing gracefully down her shoulders, her alabaster forehead, and the elegant roundness of her swan-like neck. Albanac spoke with kindling ardor of Hastings and Lief—two famous Danish chiefs, whom they had often defeated in battle; but the monarch found no pleasure in any subject in which the name of Ethelwitha was left out.

On rising from the table, Ethelwitha was charged to conduct the king to his apartment, and from her charming hands he received the cup of repose.* When Albanac, however, retired to his consort's apartment, she could no longer restrain observing his pensive and gloomy air. "What distresses you, my dear Lord?" said she. "Your face is overspread with melancholy, while we are enjoying an honor we ought to be proud of! The King is dear to us on many accounts!"

Albanac continued silent.

"You do not speak my Lord!" continued the countess. "And will you refuse to open your heart to me?—you seem greatly agitated!"

"I have reason to be so," replied the earl.—"Did you not observe that the king fixed his eyes continually upon our daughters? I may err in my apprehensions—but if Alfred has conceived a design to bring dishonor upon our house! Should he come hither to seek amusements in our infamy! My honor—I am distracted at the idea—I would rather suffer an hundred deaths—my whole family should perish with me!"

The eyes of a vigilant father were not deceived—Alfred indeed loved—most passionately loved one of his daughters. Ethelwitha was the enchanted object that had inspired the prince with the most violent passion.

"Ethelbert, my friend," said he to his companion, "it is not a mortal—it is an angel of beauty, innocence, and modesty, that we have seen! Did you not observe her? What joy—what intoxicating transports must be his who can obtain the first sigh from this young and ingenuous heart! Speak, my dear Ethelbert, speak: I am consumed by the flames of

love—whatever it cost me, I must, I will be happy. Could she but love me."

"Can you doubt, my lord," replied Ethelbert, "whether she will meet your tender wishes? King as well as lover, a hero crowned with laurels of an age formed to inspire a mutual ardor; in a thousand respects you may be certain of success."

Early in the morning a servant attended at the king's apartment, and requested to know whether he could be seen.

"Who would enter at this hour!" answered the monarch with some peevishness.

"I, my lord," exclaimed a voice, which Alfred soon recollected; and he was instantly surprised by the appearance of Albanac, holding a drawn sword in one hand, and with the other leading in his three daughters, who were in deep mourning, and in an attitude of the most poignant grief.

"What do I see," exclaimed the king.

"A father whose honor is dearer to him than life itself," replied the earl. "My motive for this intrusion I can explain. You are a king and I am your subject, but not your slave. You must be sensible from how illustrious a house I am descended; and it now becomes me to speak my sentiments freely even to you. I may possibly be deceived; but I thought, last night, that I saw, on your grace's part, a particular attention to my daughters. If you have conceived the idea of dishonoring my family, this sword shall instantly prevent my shame! I will plunge it into the bosoms of these unfortunate, but willing victims. But, if a pure and honorable flame be kindled in your breast; if an alliance with my house be not deemed unworthy of royalty, choose, name her whom you wish to honor."

Alfred for a moment was thunder struck and silent; but soon recovering himself, addressed Albanac with a magnanimity that displayed his exalted soul. "Noble Albanac," said he, "you recall Alfred to himself. I might have gone astray, but you teach me my duty; and I will obey its dictates. My choice is fixed. Beautiful Ethelwitha, here in my hand. Can you accept it? With pleasure I place my crown upon your head.—I sent virtue and beauty upon my throne."

Ethelwitha threw herself at the king's feet: he raised her and embraced her with transport. He then embraced Albanac. "your virtuous, courage," said he, "well deserved a recompense. I glory in having the noblest man in my dominions for my father-in-law."

Ethelwitha was soon afterwards publicly

* *Pis du coucher*, a composition of wine and honey, a kind of hippocras, or medicated wine. In that age, when they were desirous of rendering every honor to the strangers admitted into the castle, a beverage called *pis du coucher*, was brought in the evening to them, and this office was generally performed by the lady or her daughter. This custom is one of the remains of the most remote antiquity.

proclaimed queen; nor did she wait till the nuptial ceremony was over, to confess to the enraptured monarch, that she had given her heart to him the very moment he had entered her father's castle.

The happy pair long participated in the glory of one of the noblest reigns of which England can be proud. †

† This is that Ethelwita, who accompanied Alfred to his retreat in the Isle of Athelney, when he had taken a refuge there till he could make war against the Danes.

Alfred had, by his wife, three sons and three daughters. The eldest son, Edmund, died without issue in his father's life time. The third, Ethelward, inherited his father's passion for letters and lived a private life. The second Edward, succeeded him in his power, and passed by the appellation of Edward the Elder, being the first of that name who sat on the English throne.

An affecting Sight.

There are some odd souls in this world, who appear to derive their very existence from a humorous saying or a good joke; and who undoubtedly, would "swell up and die," if they were not permitted to indulge their wagish propensity. Ben Chatterbox, as he is called, is one of these laughter-loving joke-cracking mortals. We will quote a specimen:

Somewhere east of the Susquehanna, in this country, there is a barren lonely spot, where no one would suspect that any thing but such quadrupeds as can "live on the vapors of a dungeon," would ever think of seeking an existence. Ben's occupation often leads him through this abode of sterility; and he, as often has some wagish remark concerning it. After passing this place one day, Ben went home, from some cause unknown, with a countenance as grave as that of a judge, and a "bridle on his tongue." This being "something new under the sun," led to the following dialogue between him and an old lady belonging to the house:

"What is the matter of you, Ben? Are you sick, or mad, that makes you so solemn all at once?"

"O, if you had seen what I did this morning, I guess you'd look solemn too?"

"What have you seen, Ben?"

"A heart-rending sight, I assure you."

"Well; what was it.—I know it must be something remarkable, or it would not affect you so—out with it, do."

"You know that place I've told you about, that nothing can live on?"

"Yes."

"Well, as I was coming by there to-day, I saw a chipmunk sitting on a rock, gnawing a gravel stone, and the tears rolling down his cheeks——"

When he had got thus far with his story the old woman flew at him with the broom, and our hero vanished, in a roar of laughter.—*Bradford Argus.*

What is it that most pleases Women?

In the "Frolics of Puck," a new work, in two volumes, the solution to this question is given in the lines below. Puck, an exile from the Court of Queen Titania, of the Fairies, in obedience to the sentence which is made the condition of his return, sets out on an earthly pilgrimage to endeavor to find a solution of this riddle, which proved a task even for a fairy. An old woman would persuade that "money" was the supreme object of female delight, but the gallant Puck remains incredulous of such a reproach to the tender sex. Two silly girls incline him to believe "the love of pleasure" to be woman's ruling passion; and a romantic one, "that it is her lover." After passing through various adventures, however, he returns to the fairy court with the following answer:

"Pleasure? Woman loves it well.

For she was not made for the hermit's cell;

Gold? It sparkles in her eyes,

And it grows more bright as youth's morning dies;

Love? She is the soul of love,

'Tis her heaven below and hope above;

None of these

Can woman please

Like———"

"Like what?" asked the Queen impatiently.

Be she young, or be she old,

Warp'd or formed in beauty's mould,

Be she widow wife or maid,

By whatever temper sway'd,

Woman's master passion still

Is—to have her sovereign will.

"He has found my riddle," said the Queen smiling. "Methinks he needed not have travelled long or far for it," exclaimed the King with unwanted gravitas. The elves around tittered; the ticksy spirit for once wore a solemn face as his appointed lord and master, and the frolics of Puck were over.

PITHY ANSWER TO A SHORT ADVERTISEMENT.—A shopkeeper in Grand street, the other day, stuck upon his door the following laconic advertisement, "A Boy Wanted."—On going to his shop the next morning, he beheld a smiling little urchin in a basket, with the following pithy label—"Here he is!"—*Transcript.*

For the Magnolia.

"Man's greatest enemy is Man."

To prove the truth of this maxim, we have only to notice what passes every day, within our own observation. When we see the unfortunate debtor, dragged from his family, and all that endears him to life, and confined within the walls of a dreary prison, left to pine in solitude and want; or, if in the dispensations of Providence, sickness visits the dwelling of the poor, until the means of subsistence are reduced to the lowest ebb; if in this state of distress, the landlord calls for rent, and turning a deaf ear to the voice of humanity, he robs from the victim of disease, the bed which sustains his body—then, while we shudder at this monster in human shape, we exclaim, "*Man's greatest enemy is man.*" We see many, who, though not victims of actual oppression, yet suffer in silence, the evils of sickness, and poverty, with means hardly sufficient to keep the soul in its tabernacle of clay. To such let the hand of beneficence be opened, and the voice of compassion gladden the heart. I have seen the tear of pleasure, which trembles on the cheek, while witnessing the gratitude of an affectionate family, the recipients of kindness. I speak not of that, which exists in the imagination only. Circumstances lately called me to a dwelling, which was the abode of poverty. In a room, through the sides of which, time had made passages for the pitiless storm, was a sick woman; near her stood a table, and around it, were her half-famished, ragged little children, eating some coarse hard crusts. This poor family, had once enjoyed health, and some degree of happiness,—they once had an affectionate Father; but now, alas! the clouds of the valley cover his grave; and their support depended chiefly, upon the feeble exertions of the mother. By the cruelty of man, they were turned from a more comfortable home, and had sought shelter in this miserable hovel. In passing from the house, the following passage from Cowper, struck me forcibly.

"Choosing rather far,
A dry, but independent crust hard earned
And eaten with a sigh, than to endure
The rugged frowns, and insolent rebuffs
Of knaves in office."

There are many who feel the flowings of humanity, and contribute for the relief of those who apply for it, but many times the most undeserving, are more forward to supplicate, while those that deserve our charity, remain neglected, and unknown. If there are any that will do good, let them seek the

opportunity. If we walk into the most frequented haunts of society, we will meet the *Hypocrite*; him who smiles, flatters, and lulls you into a dangerous security, and dependence upon his friendship, his sole purpose, being to render you subservient to his interests, at the expense of your own peace. When we see the widow, and the orphan, struggling with poverty, abandoned to the scoffings of a merciless world, and no arm is extended to afford relief,—justly, may we say with the sympathizing poet, that

Man's inhumanity to man,
Makes countless millions mourn. J.

A CURE FOR HARD TIMES.—We are too fond of showing out in our families, and in this way our expenses far exceed our incomes.—Our daughters must be dressed off in their silks and crapes, instead of their linsay-woolsey. Our young folks are too proud to be seen in a coarse dress, and their extravagance is bringing ruin on our families. When you can induce your sons to prefer young women for their real worth, rather than for their real show—when you can get them to choose a wife who can make a good loaf of bread, and a good pound of butter, in preference to a girl who does nothing but dance about in her silks and laces, then gentlemen you may expect to see a change for the better. We must get back the good old simplicity of former times, if we expect to see more prosperous days.—The time was, even within memory, when a simple note was good for an amount of money, but now bonds and mortgages are thought almost no security; and this is owing to a want of confidence.

And what has caused this want of confidence? Why, it is occasioned by the extravagant manner of living;—by your families going in debt beyond your ability. Examine this matter, gentlemen, and you will find this to be the real cause. Teach your sons to be too proud to ride a hackney which their fathers cannot pay for. Let them have this sort of independent pride, and I venture to say that you will soon perceive a reformation. But until the change commences in this way in your families, until we begin in the work ourselves, it is in vain to expect better times.

Now, gentlemen, if you think as I do on this subject, there is a way of showing that you do think so, and but one way: when you return to your homes, have independence to put the principles in practice, and I am sure you will not be disappointed.—*Judge Ross to the Grand Jury.*

Julius Cæsar fought 50 pitched battles, and killed one million and a half of men. Marius, who threw down the Gauls from the Capitol, had received 23 wounds, and taken two spoils before he was 17 years of age. Dentatus fought 120 battles, was 30 times victorious in single combat, and received 45 wounds in front; he had among his trophies 79 belts, 8 mural, 3 obsidinal, and 12 civic crowns. Cato pleaded 400 causes and gained them all.—Cyrus knew the names of all the soldiers in the army. Lucius Scipio knew the names of all the Roman people. Chimerides could relate all he ever heard, in the same words. Julius Cæsar wrote, read, dictated, and listened to the conversation of his friends at the same time. A philosopher is mentioned by Pliny, who being struck with a stone, forgot his alphabet. A man reputed for his stupidity, fell from his horse, and being trepanned, became remarkable for the sprightliness of his genius. The orator Carvius forgot his own name.—Mithridates spoke to the ambassadors of 22 different nations without an interpreter. Julius Vistor lived to an advanced old age, without drinking water or using any kind of liquid nourishment. Crassus, grandfather to the triumvir, was slain by the Parthians, never laughed.

An old gentleman in Londonderry who reads his bible in his family, and occasionally explains it, was reading the account of Sampson's foxes. His wife would not believe that Sampson caught so many—"three hundred foxes!"—said she, "it can't be so! for our Jemmy is as good a hunter as ever Sampson was, and he never killed more than twenty in a season!" The husband was somewhat staggered at this, but was too good a man to give up the bible, and setting himself to explain it away, observed that scriptural language was always figurative, and that a certain number was sometimes used for an uncertain one. He thought probably there was not more than half a dozen real foxes in the flock, and that the rest was made of skunks and woodchucks.

A SMALL FEELING.—A man of an exceedingly contracted mind was one day complaining to an acquaintance, that he had a very acute pain—a little sharp pain, not bigger seemingly than the point of a pin. It's amazing strange," he continued, "don't you think it is? What do you suppose is the cause of it?" "Why, really, I don't know," replied the other, what part of you should be liable to so very minute a pain, unless it be your soul.

Integrity.

Integrity is a great and commendable virtue—a man of integrity is a true man, a bold man and a steady man,—he is to be trusted and relied upon. No bribes can corrupt him; no fear daunt him. His word is slow in coming, but sure. He shines brightest in the fire, and his friend hears of him most when he most needs him. His courage grows with danger, and conquers opposition with constancy. As he cannot be flattered or frightened into that he dislikes, so he hates flattery and temporizing in others. He runs with truth and not with the times—with right and not with might—his rule is straight.

POSTHUMUS WIT.—Dr. Jasper Main, who lived in the reign of James I. of England, was celebrated as a scholar and wit. He displayed through life a strong propensity for innocent raillery and practical jokes.—This was his ruling passion; just before he expired he told a servant with a grin, who was sadly addicted to intemperance, that he had bequeathed to him something that would make him drink. The servant, as soon as his master was dead, impatiently opened the trunk, expecting of course to find a heap of treasure; but alas, his disappointment was great at finding nothing in the trunk but a red herring.

A man being asked by his neighbour, how his wife did, made this answer: "Indeed neighbour, the case is pitiful; my wife fears she shall die, and I fear she will not die, which makes a most disconsolate house."

Treat with men at fit times about business, and whisper not in the company of others.

Married,

At Germantown, on Thursday the 17th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Wackerhagen, Mr. George Wackerhagen to Miss Christina, daughter of George Rockefeller, esq. all of the above place.

In this city, on Tuesday the 8th inst. by the Rev. J. B. Watterbury, J. Stewart Anable, to Miss Jane C. Cuyler, daughter of the late John H. Cuyler, of Coxsackie.

Died,

At Hillsdale, on the 24th ult. Wells Pitkin, son of James W. and Catherine R. White, aged 3 years.

In Claverack, on the 21 inst. Mrs. Catherine Monell, widow of the late Dr. George Monell, aged 86.

From the Liverpool Chronicle.

First Flowers.

First flowers of the spring time,
Bright gems of the year,
All lovely and blooming,
How fresh ye appear;
Springing up in the garden,
The hedge row and vale,
Enrich'd by the showers,
And fann'd by the gale.

Your beauty is transient,
But oh! it is sweet,
As the deep felt emotion
When absent friends meet
After dangers surmounted,
And miseries flown,
Their lips and looks telling
Of days that are gone!

Your herald—the tempest;
Your bed—the cold earth;
Unshelter'd and sunless,
The place of your birth:
The snow-drift is sweeping,
And dimly the morn,
From the eastward is stealing
To hail your return.

HENRY LEE.

Henry Lee, by birth a Virginian, was a Colonel in the American Army, and descended from the most distinguished branch of the Lees of that state. He possessed the lofty genius of his family, united to invincible courage and firmness, and all the noble enthusiasm of the warrior. General Charles Lee, who was, beyond question, a competent judge of military talent, averred, "that Henry Lee came a soldier from his mother's womb." General Greene pronounced him "*The Eye*," of the southern army, and to his councils gave the most implicit, constant, and unbounded confidence. In the hour of difficulty, was danger to be averted, was prompt exertion necessary to prevent revolt, crush insurrection, cut off supplies, harass the enemy, or pursue him to destruction, to no one did he so often turn as to Lee.

But his ardour, brilliancy, and daring resolution, constituted but a part of his military worth. In him the fierce impetuosity of youth was finely blended with the higher and more temperate qualities of age. If he had, in his temperament, something of the electrical fire of Achilles, it was ennobled by the polished dignity of Hector, and repressed and moderated by the wisdom of Nestor.

For vigilance, intelligence, decision of character, skill in arms, a spirit of enterprise, and powers of combination, he had but few equals, youthful as he was, in the armies of his country.

As an officer of horse, and a partisan commander, perhaps he had no superior upon earth.

That he was justly entitled to this encomium, appears, as well from the extensive catalogue of his exploits, as from the high confidence always reposed in him by the commanding officer under whom he served. This is true, no less in relation to Washington than Greene. He was the intimate friend and confidant of both. The sentiments of the latter, with regard to him, are forcibly expressed in the following extract of a letter, dated February 18th, 1832.

"Lieutenant-Colonel Lee retires, for a time, for the recovery of his health. I am more indebted to this officer than to any other, for the advantages gained over the enemy, in the operations of the last campaign; and should be wanting in gratitude, not to acknowledge the importance of his best panegyric."

JOSEPH REED.

Adjutant General in the American Army, and president of the state of Pennsylvania, was born in the state of New-Jersey, the 27th of August, 1741. In the year 1757, at the early age of sixteen, he graduated with considerable honor, at Princeton college.

Having studied the law with Richard Stockton, esq. an eminent counsellor of that place, he visited England and pursued his studies in the temple, until the disturbances which first broke out in the colonies on the passage of the stamp act. On his return to his native country, he commenced the practice of law; and bore a distinguished part in the political commotions of the day. Having married the daughter of Dennis De Bordt, an eminent merchant of London, and before the American revolution, agent for the province of Massachusetts, he soon after returned to America, and practised the law with eminent success in the city of Philadelphia.

Finding that reconciliation with the mother country was not to be accomplished without the sacrifice of honor as well as liberty, he became one of the most zealous advocates of independence. In 1774, he was appointed one of the committee of correspondence of Philadelphia, and afterwards president of the convention, and subsequently, member of the continental congress. On the formation of the army he resigned a lucrative practice, which he was enjoying at Philadelphia, and repaired to the camp at Cambridge, where he was appointed aid-de-camp and secretary to Gen. Washington, and although merely acting as a

volunteer, he displayed in the campaign, on many occasions, the greatest courage and military ability. At the opening of the campaign in 1776, on the promotion of Gen. Gates, he was advanced, at the special recommendation of Gen. Washington, to the post of adjutant general, and bore an active part in this campaign, his local knowledge of the country being eminently useful in the affair at Trenton, and at the battle of Princeton; in the course of these events, and the constant follower of his fortunes, he enjoyed the confidence and esteem of the Commander in chief. At the end of the year he resigned the office of adjutant general, and was immediately appointed a general officer, with a view to the command of cavalry, but owing to the difficulty of raising troops, and the very detached parties in which they were employed, he was prevented from acting in that station. He still attended the army, and from the entrance of the British army into Pennsylvania till the close of the campaign in 1777, he was seldom absent. He was engaged at the battle of Germantown, and at White Marsh, assisted General Potter in drawing up the militia. In 1778, he was appointed a member of congress and signed the articles of confederation.

About this time the British commissioners, Governor Johnstone, Lord Carlisle, and Mr. Eden, invested with the power to treat of peace, arrived in America, and Governor Johnstone, the principal of them, addressed private letters to Henry Laurens, Joseph Reed, Francis Dana, and Robert Morris, offering them many advantages in case they would lend themselves to his views. Private information was communicated from Governor Johnstone to General Reed, that, in case he would exert his abilities to promote a reconciliation, 10,000 pounds sterling, and the most valuable office in the colonies, were at his disposal; to which Mr. Reed made this memorable reply:—"that, he was not worth purchasing, but that, such as he was, the king of Great Britain was not rich enough to do it."—These transactions caused a resolution in congress by which they refused to hold any further communication with that commissioner Governor Johnstone, on his return to England, denied in parliament, ever having made such offers, in consequence of which General Reed published a pamphlet, in which the whole transaction was clearly and satisfactorily circulated both in England and America.

In 1778, he was unanimously elected president of the supreme executive council of the State of Pennsylvania, to which office he was

elected annually, with equal unanimity, for the constitutional period of three years. About this time there existed violent parties in the state, and several serious commotions occurred, particularly a large armed insurrection, in the city of Philadelphia, which he suppressed, and rescued a number of distinguished citizens from the most imminent danger of their lives at the risk of his own, for which he received a vote of thanks from the legislature of the state.

At the time of the defection of the Pennsylvania line, Governor Reed exerted himself strenuously to bring back the revolvers, in which he ultimately succeeded. Amidst the most difficult and trying scenes, his administration exhibited the most disinterested zeal and firmness of decision. In the civil part of his character, his knowledge of the law was very useful in a new and unsettled government; so that, although he found in it no small weakness and confusion, he left it at the expiration of his term of office, in as much tranquility and energy as could be expected from the time and circumstances of the war. In the year 1781, on the expiration of his term of office, he returned to the duties of his profession.

General Reed was very fortunate in his military career, for, although he was in almost every engagement in the northern and eastern section of the union, during the war, he never was wounded; he had three horses killed under him, one at the battle of Brandywine, one in the skirmish at White Marsh, and one at the battle of Monmouth. During the whole of the war he enjoyed the confidence of Generals Washington, Greene, Wayne, Stueben, Lafayette, and many others of the most distinguished characters of the revolution, with whom he was in the habits of the most confidential intercourse and correspondence. The friendship that existed between General Reed and General Greene, is particularly mentioned by the biographer of General Greene. "Among the many inestimable friends who attached themselves to him, during his military career, there was no one whom General Greene prized more, or more justly, than the late Governor Reed of Pennsylvania. It was before this gentleman had immortalized himself by his celebrated reply to the agent of corruption, that these two distinguished patriots had begun to feel for each other, the sympathies of congenial souls. Mr. Reed had accompanied General Washington to Boston, when he first took command of the American army; there he became acquainted with

Greene, and, as was almost invariably the case with those who became acquainted with him, and had hearts to acknowledge his worth, a friendship ensued which lasted with their lives." Had the life of General Reed been sufficiently prolonged, he would have discharged, in a manner worthy of the subject, the debt of national gratitude to which the efforts of the biographer of General Greene have been successfully dedicated, who had in his possession the outlines of a sketch of the life of General Greene by his friend.

In the year 1784, he again visited England for the sake of his health, but his voyage was attended with but little effect, as in the following year he fell a victim to a disease, most probably brought on by the fatigue and exposure to which he was constantly subjected.—In private life, he was accomplished in his manners, pure in his morals, fervent and faithful in his attachments.

On the 5th of March, 1785, in the 43d year of his age, too soon for his country and his friends, he departed a life, active, useful, and glorious. His remains were interred, in the Presbyterian ground, in Arch-Street, in the city of Philadelphia, attended by the president and executive council, and the speaker and the general assembly of the state."

CAPTAIN JAMES LAWRENCE.

"Don't give up the ship."

James Lawrence, a distinguished American commander, was born at Burlington New Jersey, in 1781. He early manifested a strong predilection for the sea; but his father, who was a lawyer, was anxious that he should pursue his own profession; and, when only thirteen years of age, he commenced the study of the law; but after the death of his father entered the navy as a midshipman, in 1798. In 1801 the Tripoli war commenced; he was promoted in 1803, and was sent out to the Mediterranean, as the first Lieutenant of the schooner *Enterprise*. While there, he performed a conspicuous part in the destruction of the frigate *Philadelphie*, which had been captured by the Tripolitans. In the same year he was invested with the temporary command of the *Enterprise*, during the bombardment of Tripoli, by Commodore Preble, all the ships of the squadron being employed to cover the boats during the attack; and so well did he execute his duty, that the commodore could not restrain the expression of his thanks. He remained in the Mediterranean three years, and then returned to the United States,

having been previously transferred to the frigate *Jonc Adams*, as the first Lieutenant. In June, 1812, war was declared between Great Britain and the United States; and Lawrence, at the time in command of the *Hornet*, a few days after sailed with a squadron under the orders of Commodore Rogers, for the purpose of intercepting the Jamaica fleet. They returned, however, at the end of the following month to Boston, without having been able to accomplish their object. Lawrence then accompanied Commodore Bainbridge on a cruise to the East Indies; but they separated near St. Salvador, on the coast of Brazil, the *Hornet* remaining there to blockade a British ship of war, laden with specie, till compelled to retire by the arrival of a seventy four. Feb. 24, 1812, the *Hornet* fell in with the brig *Peacock*, Captain Peak; which he took after a furious action of fifteen minutes. This vessel was deemed one of the finest of her class in the British navy. In the number of men and guns, she was somewhat inferior to the *Hornet*. She sunk before all the prisoners could be removed. The latter was considerably damaged in the rigging and sails, but her hull was scarcely hurt. Lawrence returned to the United States, where he was welcomed with the applause due to his conduct, but the most honorable eulogy bestowed upon it, was contained in a letter, published by the officers of the *Peacock*, expressing their gratitude for the consideration and kindness with which they had been treated. Shortly after his return, he was ordered to repair to Boston, and take command of the frigate *Chesapeake*. This he did with great regret, as the *Chesapeake* was one of the worst ships in the navy. He had been but a short time at Boston, when the British ship *Shannon*, Captain Brooke, appeared before the harbour, and defied the *Chesapeake* to combat. Lawrence did not refuse the challenge, though his ship was far from being in a condition for action; and June 1, 1812, he sailed out of the harbour and engaged his opponent, after the ships exchanged several broadsides, and Lawrence had been wounded in the leg, he called his boarders when he received a musket ball in his body; at the same time the enemy boarded, and, after a desperate resistance succeeded in taking possession of the ship. The last exclamation of Lawrence, as they were carrying him below, after the fatal wound, was, "don't give up the ship."—He lingered for four days in intense pain, and expired on the 5th of June. He was buried at Halifax, with every mark of honour.

From the London Literary Gazette.

Voice of the Waves.

(Written near the scene of a recent Shipwreck.)

Answer ye chiming waves,
That now in sunshine sweep;
Speak to me from thy hidden caves,
Voice of the hidden deep;

Hath man's loose spirit here,
With storms in battle striven?
Where all is now so calmly clear,
Hath anguish cried to Heaven;

Then the sea's voice arose,
Like an earthquake's under-tone—
"Mortal, the strife of human woes,
Where hath not nature known?"

Here, to the quivering mast,
Despair hath wildly clung;
The shriek upon the wind hath passed,
The midnight sky hath rung.

And the youthful and the brave,
With their beauty and renown,
To the hollow chambers of the wave,
In darkness have gone down.

They are vanished from their place,
Let their homes and hearts make moan—
But the rolling waters keep no trace
Of pang or conflict gone."

Alas! thou haughty deep!
The strong, the sounding far!
My heart before thee dies—I weep
To think on what we are!

To think that so we pass,
High hope, and thought, and mind,
Even as the breath stirs from the glass,
Leaving no sigh behind!

Saw'st thou nought else, thou main,
Thou and thy midnight sky—
Nought save the struggle, brief and vain,
The parting agony?

And the sea's voice replied—
"Here nobler things have been!
Faster with the vallant when they die,
To sanctify the scene:

Courage in fragile form,
Faith trusting to the last,
Prayer, breathing heavenwards thro' the storm—
But all alike have passed."

Sound on, though haughty sea!
These have not passed in vain;
My soul awakes, my hope springs free,
On victor wings again.

Thou, from thine empire driven,
May'st vanish with thy powers:
But, by the hearts that here have striven,
A loftier doom is ours!

The publishers of the *Bardstown, Ky Herald*, requests "every body who die, to hand in notice of the fact!" Will receive it in person, or do they wish the *ghosts* to mail the notices.

A Courtship.

A rich young gentleman, a few years ago, became marvellously uneasy. His sleep was broken; his heart throbbed violently, the poor fellow was suffering the last agonies of love. He unfortunately was *squint eyed*, but reckoning on his wealth, he commenced loving a pretty young black-eyed girl, who had much of this world's good, but—who was deaf. She managed to preserve the ties of sociality, by *listening* to the looks and translating the expressions of the ever shifting countenance. She concealed her mortifying deafness from her lover, he began to whisper his limpid love, but the fair lady made no response,—the squint-eyed Lothario angrily bawled out to his love "why the deuce she did not answer his questions?" "Why, sir, I did not hear you." "What, are you deaf, then?" "Yes, Sir," with a blush.

The next morning he sent the following note:

"My dear Miss —, I cannot bring my mind to admire deception. I sympathise with your defect: which you attempted to conceal—unsuccessfully—I must bid you a good bye. I never can love a *deaf wife*. Yours with profound esteem."

The young lady, not at all terrified, returned the following answer:

"My dear sir,—No tint of words can change your ugly temper. I scorn your tantalizing sympathy. I cannot conceive a more ludicrous object than yourself. I mean your *squint-eye*. Yours with great deliberation."

TRICK OF A PAINTER.—A capital story is told of Basici, an Italian artist. He had painted the portrait of a young sprig of nobility, without any previous agreement as to price; and after it was finished, his customer, upon learning the terms, took himself away, and neither returned, nor sent for the portrait.—Whereupon the knight of the easel painted a grate over the portrait, and wrote beneath it, "imprisoned for debt." An uncle of the young man paid for the painting to liberate his nephew's face from imprisonment.

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